

LONDON :—T. GOODE, CLERKENWELL GREEN



CHILDREN'S BOOK  
COLLECTION



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LOS ANGELES



# DEATH OF COCK ROBIN.

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Who kill'd Cock Robin ?

I, says the Sparrow,  
With my bow and arrow,  
I killed Cock Robin.



Who saw him die ?

I, says the fly,  
With my little eye  
I saw him die.



## DEATH OF COCK ROBIN.

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Who caught his blood ?

I, says the fish,  
With my little dish,  
I caught his blood.



Who made his shroud

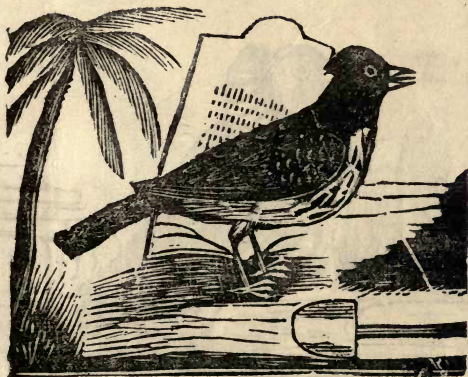
I, says the Beetle,  
With my little needle,  
I made his shroud.



## DEATH OF COCK ROBIN.

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Who'll dig his grave?  
I, says the Owl,  
With my spade and shovel,  
I'll dig his grave.



Who'll be the Clerk?  
I, says the Lark,  
If it's not in the dark,  
I'll be the Clerk.



# DEATH OF COCK ROBIN.

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Who'll be the chief mourner?  
I, says the Dove,  
For I mourn for my love,  
I'll be the chief mourner,



Who'll sing a psalm?  
I, says the Thrush,  
As he sat in a bush,  
I'll sing a psalm.



## DEATH OF COCK ROBIN

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Who'll be the Parson ?

I, says the Rook,  
With my little book.  
I'll be the Parson.



Who'll carry the link ?

I says the Linnet,  
I'll fetch it in a minute,  
And I'll carry the link.



DEATH OF COCK ROBIN.

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Who'll carry him to the grave?  
I, says the Kite,  
If it's not in the night,  
I'll carry him to the grave.



Who'll toll the bell?  
I, says the Bull,  
Because I can pull,  
So, Cock Robin farewell.